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Damn Emily.

fanfic love romance

43 0 2

Chapter 1 by Ava

Last week, Alison and I had a fight, Alison was worried that I would not be her friend anymore, because now, I am trying to be friends with other girls that are not Alison, for all of my life, I have been hiding under Alison's wing, I feel like I should have other friends, but Alison was scared that I would not want to be her best friend when I got other friends so, Alison threatened to cut herself again. I decided to go to her house today, to aapologise when I arrived at her house, I knocked on the door, there was no answer, so I let myself in with the key that is under her "Welcome Friends!" doormat, I waited for her to come to the door, no-one came to greet me, "She's giving me the silent treatment again" I thought so I walked around the house, that is when I found her, In her room, laying on her bed, "Alison.. Wake up!" I shouted. She didn't move a muscle, I turned her onto her back side, she had blood dripping out of her wrist, and cuts all over her body, there were pills and a knife on the floor, the pill container said "DIHYDRAMINA", she promised that those pills would never touch her lips again. "Alison!" I whined, I hugged her forever, rethinking the past 15 years that I have spent with her, our parents met in the hospital, we were born on the same day, 4 minutes apart. When she died, it was almost like I died too, I saw my whole life with Alison flashing in my eyes. I fell asleep next to

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at myself in the mirror, I was a mess, I had a shower and got changed into my special dress that I only wear at fancy dinners or funerals, so I decided that I should wear it that day, as I put on my watch, I noticed, I was late for school! The science test! I rushed out of the house and dashed to school, it felt so strange being at school without Alison, in the middle of science, a cop rushed in, he talked to Mr Fitz. I heard the words Alison Dilaurentis, I broke out into a crying session. Mr Fitz came over with a tissue and a biscuit to calm me down, she was one of the nicer teachers. The cop came over to me, he had lots of muscles, and he wore a blue uniform with the sleeves tucked up. He motioned me over towards the door "My name is Detective Wilden." he told me in a stern voice. He guided me over to the meeting room, near the entrance of the school, they only used that conference room if someone was getting expelled or suspended so that they could exit the building quickly, I wondered "What is going to happen to me? What will they do? Did I do something wrong?" he pointed to a table with two empty chairs and a table, another officer was sitting at the table, once that Detective Wilden was sat down he said "Door, please" to the other cop, he went over to stand by the door, "What are they going to do to me?" I wondered. "So," Wilden started " Is there anything that you would like to tell me?" he asked me. "No, I do not have anything to tell you, I think that you have the wrong person, I am not who you are looking for" I told Wilden, I started to get up and move toward the door, he grabbed my arm. "WHAT?!" I screamed, trying to get attention. I was starting to think that these policemen were dangerous.. "Calm down, please, we would like to ask you a few questions" he said. I sat down again "okay" I responded. "Do you know where Alison Dilaurentis is right now?", he asked me, I considered telling the truth, but I decided that the truth was too hard to pronounce, so I lied "No." "Is that so?" he asked me. "Yes" I lied again. "Really? Because on Sunday- Yesterday- cameras from a convenience store, near Alison Dilaurentis's home caught you going into her house on tape, and when you exited her house, you were drenched in blood.. How would you explain that?" he asked me "um - Uh - I - I - I" I stuttered "Yes.. I thought so, and I see that you did not have a chance to clean your shoes." he said. "That's not why I was in there" I told him "I can explai-" he cut me off "Save it for the judge, Emily Fields " he said "Ho- how do you know my name?" I asked. "Oh. I know it all Ms. Fields" he told me. "Now let's go to the police station to sort some matters out." he told me. He drove me to the station, which is apparently very far

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myself, scratches everywhere, bloodstained shoes, and my dress, as torn up as can be, but I didn't care. I ran for the light, it was a bar named The Angel I rushed in. Inside The Angel, it was dark, and smelled of cigarettes, but I didn't care, I sat down at the counter and looked at the menu, I was feeling exhausted and thirsty, so I told the barman "Water, please" "We don't have that" he answered, "Fine, then a beer please" I answered "Sure?" he asked me "Yes, thank you" I responded, I took my glass and went to see if there was anyone to talk to, I noticed a girl standing in the corner, by herself, I went to talk to her, "Hey! I'm Emily " "Hi! My name is Paige!" she answered "So, what are you doing standing here by yourself, you're beautiful, I would expect you to be playing darts with the others!" I told her "Well, yeah, but, it's not like I would want to, you know, I'm not interested in boys." she told me "So, you're like, me?" I asked her "Um, yeah, I guess so" she answered. I saw her staring down at my clothes "Oh yeah, I'm sorry, long story!" I told her, "No- it's fine, I felt like running away from home when I came out too, you can stay at my place tonight, and we can go shopping for clothes tomorrow" she told me, "Really? Thank you!" I responded, "You don't have to thank me for anything, now, let's get out of here" she said, and we left, we got a taxi, when she was paying, I saw the inside of her wallet, it was full of millions of notes, I looked away, embarrassed, but she saw me " Oh- right, I'll explain later" She said, Paige let me into her house, It was beautiful, colossal, much bigger than my apartment! "Is anyone looking for you? I don't want to keep you here and get arrested because I'm keeping you here.."She asked "No, no-one.. except for the police." I told her, I didn't want to lie to her, even though I met her half an hour ago, I felt like I could trust her, It was almost like, she could feel me.. "Oh… well, then TWINSIES! I'm in trouble too!" She told me "Really? Why?" I asked her, I couldn't figure out why a good girl like Paige would get arrested, let alone be WANTED! "Well- You'll have to tell me your story first." "Okay" I answered. So I blabbed on about me and Alison fighting, and her threatening to commit suicide, and how she is no longer suffering from personhood, and how Alison had raised me when my mom left me for a reality TV show, it made me burst into tears, Paige gave me a tissue and said "It's ok, I'll tell you my story now, but first, do you want to order pizza? It alway helps me get over sadness" She told me "Okay, pepperoni please" I asked, I wiped away my tears and fixed my smudged makeup while she ordered, "So, I got charged for robbing a doctor's house, which is actually something that my parents did,

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it… you're in love with me. Oh, and by the way.. I'm single." She said "Um yeah.. I guess so.." I answered. "Awesome! You can sleep in the guest room, you can borrow some pyjamas. But first, let me give you a tour of the house." She said. Paige showed me around her house, she gave me the pyjamas and I went to get dressed in the bathroom, she had given me a silk nightgown, with white lace, cream and baby blue stripes on it, it was beautiful, I couldn't imagine myself wearing this kind of thing, I usually wore an old T-shirt and sweatpants to bed, when left the bathroom, a silk robe and pink fluffy slippers were at the door, I put them on and went downstairs, Paige was already there, watching America's Next Top Model, It was Alison's favourite show. I kept the tears in, why would Paige want to hear me cry? "Hey! I love that show! So, what are we doing tonight?" I asked her "Thanks! I love it too! I was thinking that we could paint our nails and do our makeup and then we could go out? Is that okay with you?" She asked me. "Yeah! That's fine!" I answered. I painted my nails in a matte burgundy shade, Paige said it went well with the outfit that she had picked out for me, we watched some of America's Next Top Model, then I went to change, she had chosen, the outfit looked great, I could see that she was the kind of person that has an eye for these kinds of things. We went to an italian restaurant, then we came back home and went to sleep, by watching Mean Girls. The next day, Paige woke me up by spraying some disgusting perfume up my nose "You overslept" she said. "Okay" I answered. We left for our road trip to Hollywood, leaving our old lives behind.

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